



FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 11.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage)

PER MONTH \$0.06

PER YEAR \$0.60

Vol. 32, No. 11,070

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:

WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY—

between 125th and 126th Sts., New York.

BROOKLYN—369 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN—New

Department, 130 EAST 125TH ST., Advertis-

ments at 237 EAST 119TH ST.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—LEADER BUILDING, 113

SOUTH ST., WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.

LONDON OFFICE—25 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFAL-

GAR SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Asso-

ciated Press News.

INSPIRATION TO THE GENEROUS.

Did you read the story in yesterday's

EVENING WORLD of the little crippled

child who is crossing off in his calendar,

day by day, the twenty-four hour periods

between him and Christmas? And do

you realize what bright hope lies for him

in the possibilities of that coming day

upon which he meditates?

Well, then multiply his case by many

thousands and think what a mighty force

of childish expectation is directed the

same way in these days preceding the

dawn of the year's gladdening holiday.

And again, think how many of these thou-

sands have their hopes for a genuine

Christmas based solely upon the promise

held forth by THE EVENING WORLD, that

those few Christmas trees for the chil-

dren of the poor shall yield again abun-

dantly.

Oh, it is true that in many and many

not too warm a city home the blood

quicken in some little heart because of

the glowing thought that its possessor is

not left out of all Christmas calculations.

It is true that despair would settle in

innumerable childish hearts and that

tears would dim countless childish eyes

were it not for this enterprise, in which

THE EVENING WORLD simply directs the

efforts of its friends. The thought that

so much depends in building up the

fund for those trees should be an inspir-

ing one for every child of man who loves

men's children—an inspiration to be gen-

erous to the utmost in this cause.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS HONOR GRANT.

The most gratifying piece of news of

the day is that which tells the purpose of

the New York Camp of Confederate Vet-

erans to assist to the utmost of its ability

the completion of the fund for the Grant

Monument. Engaging earnestly and

effectively in this work, the veterans will

not only do credit to their own manliness

and evince the high type of patriotism

which is theirs in these days. They will

also help burning coals upon the heads of

such men among those who fought on

the other side years ago as will not recog-

nize the fact that the war has long been

over.

But revenge is not the motive actuating

these veterans. Says Col. T. A. Young,

Adjutant of the Camp: "The soldiers of

the South have always had the greatest

admiration for Gen. Grant. He was a

good man, a brave soldier and a manly

foe."

And in this spirit, the ex-soldiers of the

Confederacy will push their work on the

monument fund. Nevertheless, if they

feel that their course should silence any

man who has continued to question their

motives, or the reality of their love of

country, such feeling the popular senti-

ment of the day will be very apt to

justify.

A FRODOGATION SCARE.

Until the scare over the dynamiting of

REXELL NAYLOR has become a matter of

more or less ancient history than it is now

was the fatal thirteenth at a party attended

by just the unlucky number of people.

The case shows the importance of taking

care of No. 13, regardless of No. 13.

The Connecticut liar is not at his best

this Winter. Instead of getting Gov.

Lawrence's cows drunk on plain cider he

should have filled them up with New

England rum and caused them to yield

ready-made milk punch.

It is an unwise partisan of BLAINE who

revises the old, impossible tale that the

Plumed Knight was counted out in New

York in 1884. The ambitious man from

Maine needs again to pray for salvation

from his friends.

The Senate record was broken yester-

day, when 612 bills were introduced. It

is to be sincerely hoped that this ava-

lanche of papers doesn't portend a cata-

ract of cumbersome legislation.

No time should be lost at Albany, when

the Legislature meets, in passing a

World's Fair appropriation commensu-

rate with the Empire State's impor-

tance and dignity.

Marblehead had a little earthquake all

to itself Wednesday. It doesn't appear,

however, to have shaken the town half

as much as Skipper Lawson's celebrated

ride.

Another gale over Great Britain and

the Channel. There seems to be no end

to the "blowing off" that is going on

over there.

After all Caesar's fight for the Speaker-

ship may prove to have been boy's play

compared to his wrestle with the commit-

tee lists.

Of course, the Union League Club will

stick to politics. It is bred in the bone

of the organization.

Make a merry Christmas for the chil-

dren of the poor.

THE CLEANER.

When a press agent for a theatrical venture

reaches Boston, he strikes a town where his

inventiveness of mind is amply rewarded.

The latest advertising dodge sprung upon the

gullible cultured Bostonian is almost too

funny to be true. The press agent of "Ala-

bama" has the honor of the Boston papers, with

a picturesque story of how one of his sub-

scribes is so deeply in love with Emerson that

he would like to live in dear Boston forever.

And the dear Bostonians are emptying their

pockets into the box-office in order that

they may see this marvelous foreigner whose

tastes coincide with theirs.

The friends of William I. Swan in the Man-

hattan Athletic Club, who will make a strong

fight for him in the coming election, say that

there is very little doubt that he will get

another term as Vice-President. "Billy" has

always been one of the hardest workers for

the advancement of the interests of the club,

and is one of the most popular men in am-

ateur athletic circles hereabouts. During the

last season he was invited to act as referee in

no less than ten athletic meetings, including

the meetings of the New York and New Jersey

athletic clubs.

The New York Canoe Club has issued its

annual pamphlet containing the constitu-

tion, by-laws and list of members of the club.

The little book is very tastefully gotten up

and reflects the spirit of the club. I notice

under Article II of the constitution that the

particular object of the club is to encourage

the improved building of canoes, and the

general object being to cultivate an active in-

terest in exploration, navigation and seamans-

hip.

It is a rare occurrence when an actor

grows at having to work fifty-two weeks in a

year, out such I hear is the case with Fred-

erick de Belleville, the Marital in "Therid-

or." Ever since he came to this country,

some ten years ago, Mr. de Belleville has re-

turned to France each summer to visit his

father. This past summer his contract pre-

vented him from taking the usual trip, and

the actor's regret is such that he swears

never to play another summer engagement

while his father lives.

Imet Ida Jeffreys on Broadway a few days

ago, looking as radiant and dignified as

though sickness and she were strangers.

Yet, she tells me, she has been ill for more

than a year, a fact which accounts for her

cred, and will, I understand, shortly join

one of the local stock companies. Her art-

istic work when with Daly's company is well

and pleasantly remembered, and I am sure that

theatre-goers will greet her return to the

stage with a cordial welcome.

Wagnerians in this town, who are in the

doubtful dumps over the near approach of the

Italian opera season, may find some grains of

comfort in the recently published statistics of

the Wagnerian society of Europe. These

show that during the past year the Wagner

opera performances were given in German

alone, not counting those in Italian, French

and English. They were given by fifty-four

stock opera companies in Germany, five in

Austria, five in Holland, three in Russia and

three in Switzerland. This is certainly suffi-

cient to keep the name and fame of Richard

Wagner alive for a little while longer.

Friends of old Cape Anne in this city may

be somewhat surprised to learn that besides

being a distinguished founder of the leather

pellet, he was also a crack shot at the traps.

On Thanksgiving Day Anne attended a shoot-

ing match at Watson's Park, in Chicago, and

won the live bird medal, killing fourteen out

of a possible fifteen, and distancing all com-

petitors. He has since arranged for a match

with the champion pigeon shot in the West

of \$100 a side.

Football, Baseball, Boxing, or What?

[From the Kansas City Star.]

Cornell University has decided to have

rejuvenation at the World's Fair. What

say the other colleges?

What's the Matter with W. C. T. U?

[From the Boston Globe.]

Not quite 6000 women have registered in

Boston for the city election. There is a

marked falling off from last year.

Fighting the Mighty Fallen.

[From the Chicago Times.]

The fact that an unhappy country editor is

trying to collect from senator Taggart a bill

for sixteen years unpaid subscriptions would

seem to indicate that honesty in politics is

not the only honesty which the sly Kansan

considers "an irresistible demand."

No Sales Reported Here.

[From the Labor Leader.]

A Frenchman has invented an electric

curest that severely shocks the venturesome

youth who practices the good, old-fashioned

art of hugging.



Doing a Young Man.

I got on a Sixth Avenue surface car just

behind her. One couldn't help notice

the fact that she was a trim and tidy

young woman, even though it was rain-

ing and she was dressed for bad weather.

One also could have noticed without

much effort that her oxidized-handle

umbrella had seen its best days. The

cover was full of holes, a rib broken and

the handle itself came off in her hand

as she mounted the steps. She slipped it

back on as she went in, and when she

took a seat she stood the umbrella up

against the front door.

Just a minute later a young man in a

cape overcoat entered the car. He was

not only a nobby young man, but he had

a new and nobby umbrella. There was

plenty of room in the car, but he marched

up to sit down opposite the young

woman, and he likewise stood his um-

brella up beside hers.

Now occurred something like a flirta-

tion. The young man looked across and

caught her eye and smiled a tender port-

house smile.

She returned it. That is, four or five

of us thought she did, but as it was a

dark day perhaps we were mistaken. If

she did it was only a little one.

Then the young man fished around for

his handkerchief, and when he had found it

he shook out the folds and wiped his

mouth. Three weary-looking cigarettes

flew to the floor as he shook, but he gave

them no heed.

The young woman seemed to look

across at him. Perhaps she was looking

over her head at one of the soap signs,

but we thought otherwise. We also

thought she inclined her head, but we

can't be sure of such things in a rain-

storm.

The young man was making queer mo-

tions with his handkerchief when she

held up a finger to the conductor. Ding!

went the bell and she rose up, reached

over her head umbrella for the young

man and tripped out of the car and tip-

ped into a store with all of us watching

her.

The young man got up in a seemingly

indifferent way to follow her. He

reached out for the umbrella, and as he

seized it the handle came off. He held it

in his hand and looked at it for a minute.

Then he took up the umbrella and no-

ticed the broken rib and the bullet-holes

in the cover. Then he pitched the han-

dle out of an open window, followed it

with the umbrella, and sat down with the

remark:

"Bai Jove! but I'm done for a \$10

umbrella!"

And we all chorused:

"Bai Jove! but so you are."

M. Quad.

WORLDLINGS.

Young Congressman Bailey, of Texas, is nearly

six feet tall. He wears a broad-brimmed slouch

hat. His manners are, it is said, good enough to

do credit to a Chesterfield and he